

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

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JOINT SESSION

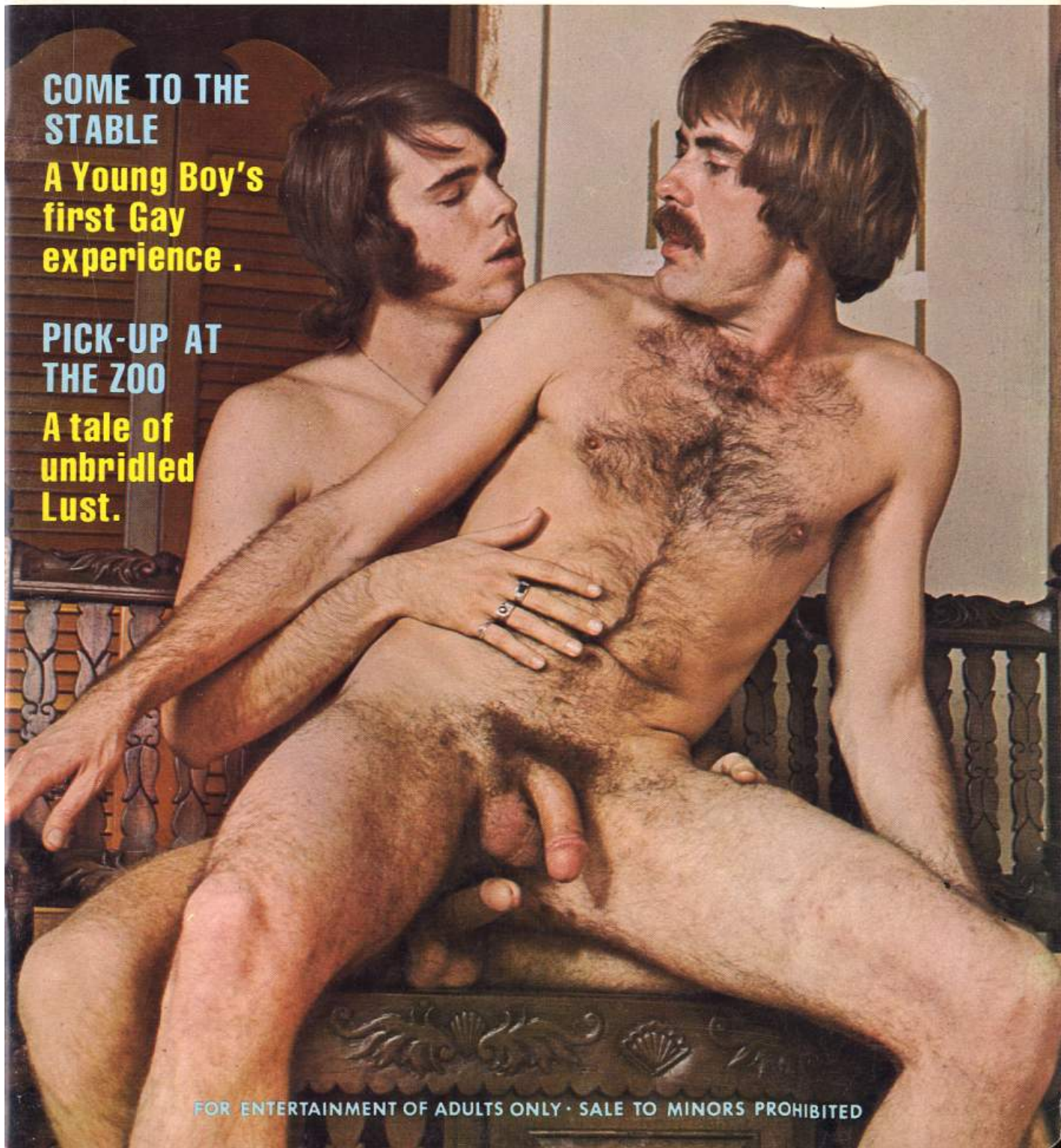
SEXCITING PHOTOS OF NAKED YOUTHS

COME TO THE
STABLE

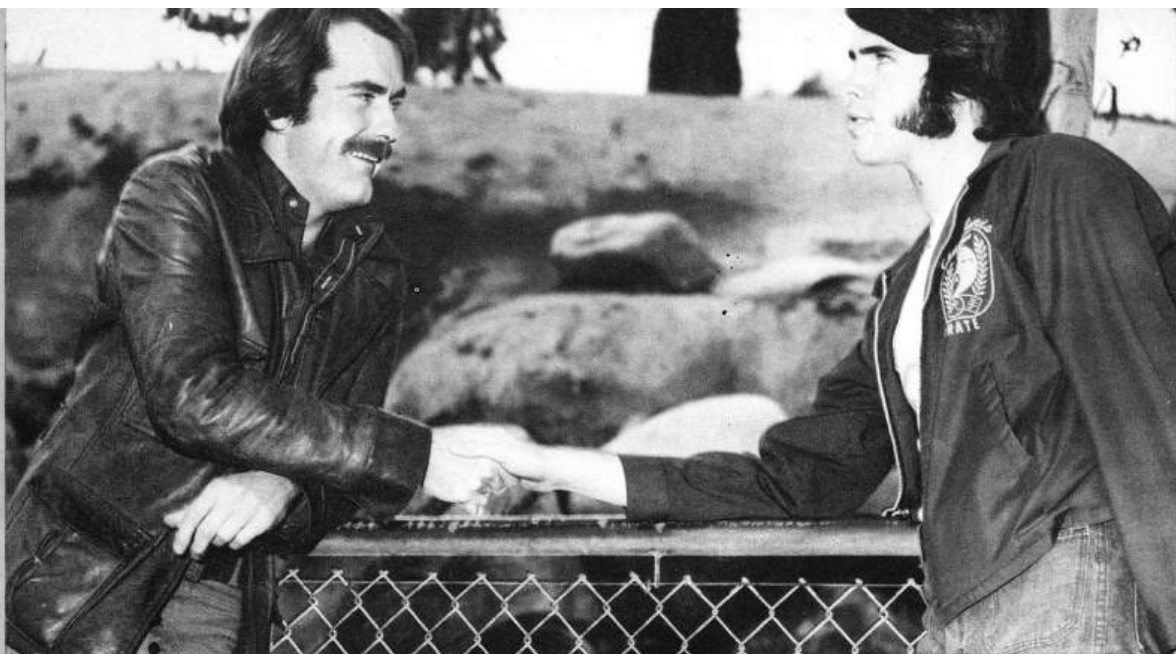
A Young Boy's
first Gay
experience .

PICK-UP AT
THE ZOO

A tale of
unbridled
Lust.



FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY · SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED



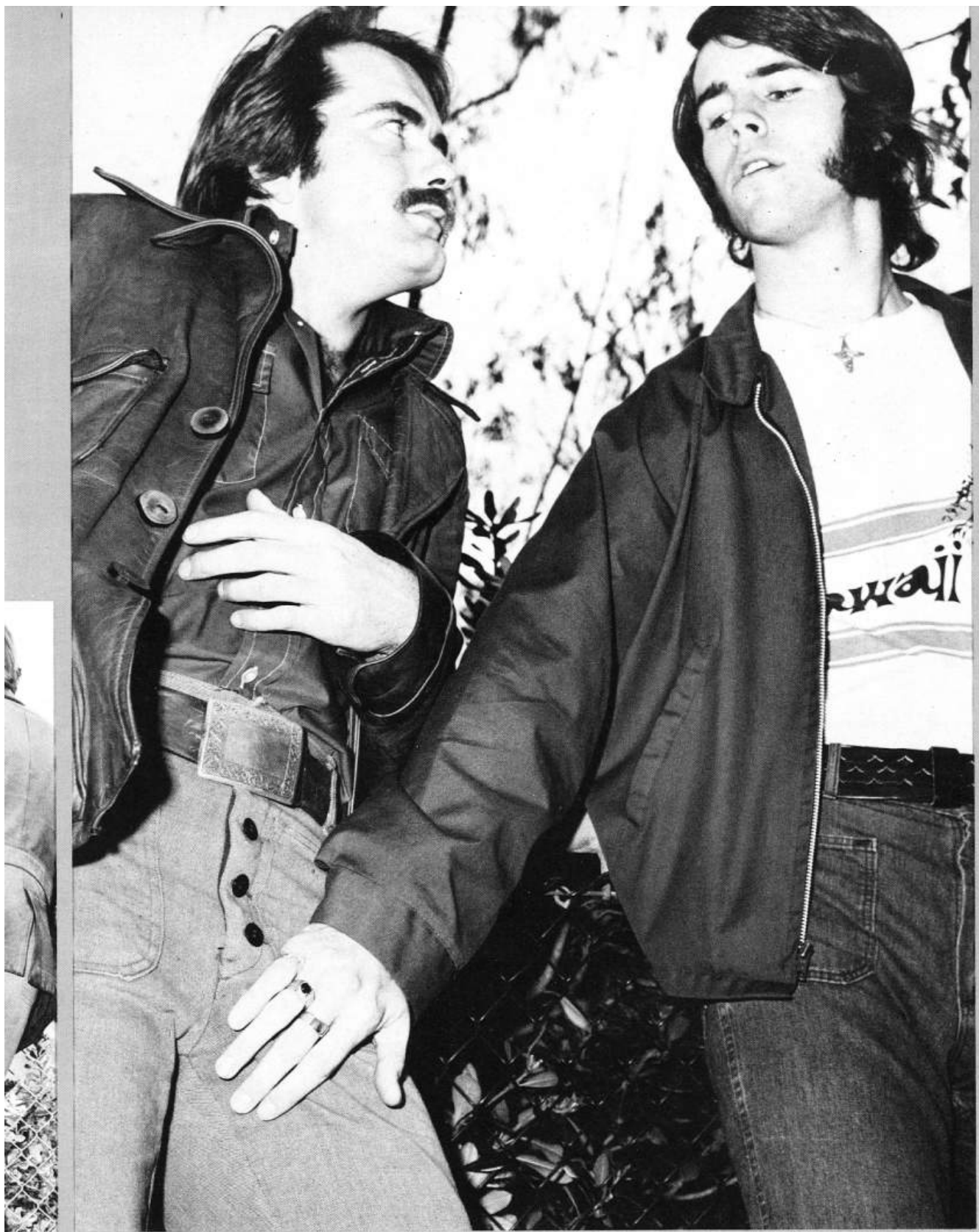
PICK UP AT THE ZOO

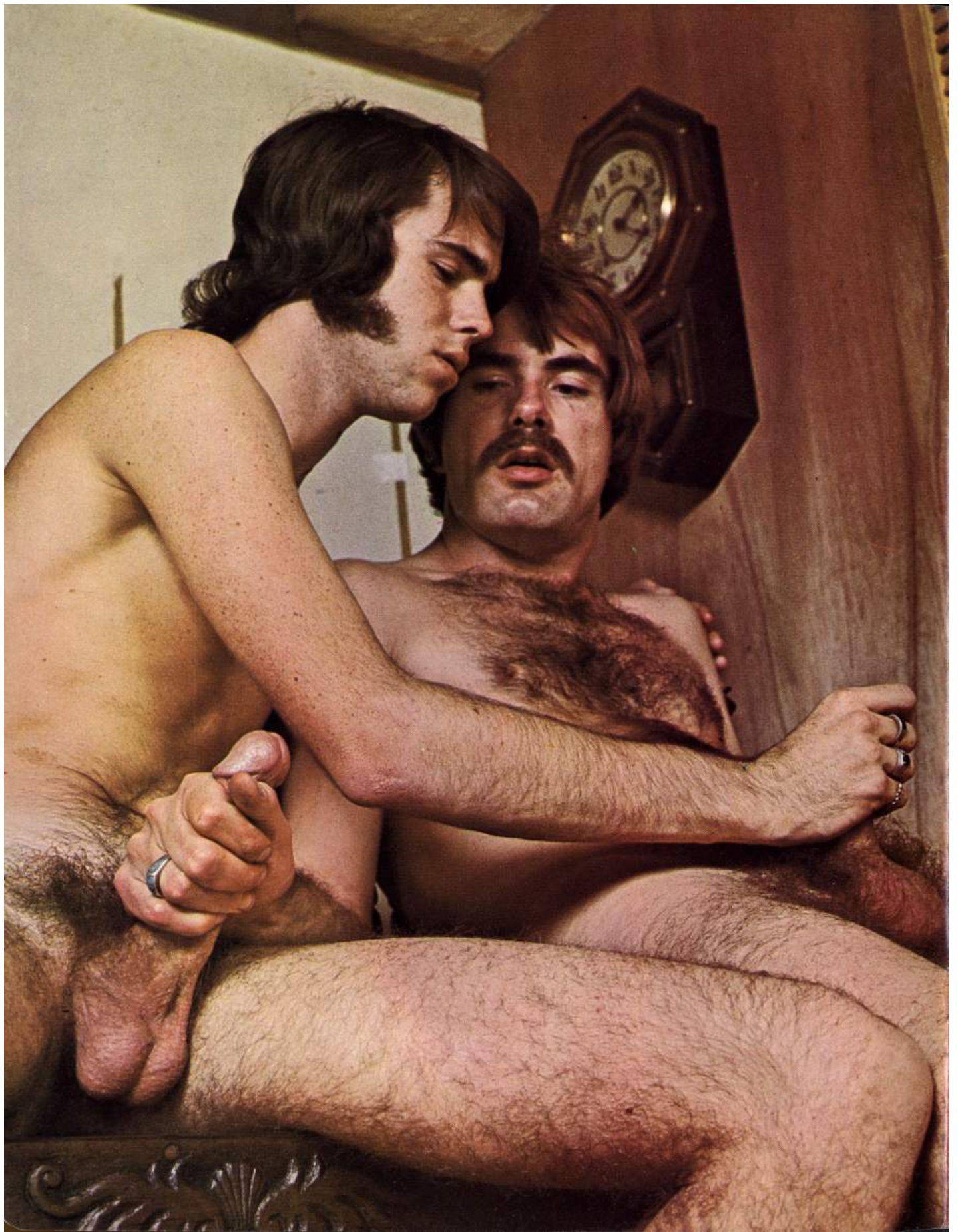
From the spot where Tony stood, all he could see was the back of the guy's body. He was leaning against the wire fence that enclosed the grizzly bear, watching the enormous beast as it lumbered over the hard-packed dirt in the pen. Nice ass, Tony thought. Let's hope that the rest of him is as good! He walked slowly toward the man, trying to get a better look at him. "What the hell," he said to himself, walking defiantly and stopping just a few feet away from the obviously husky stud.

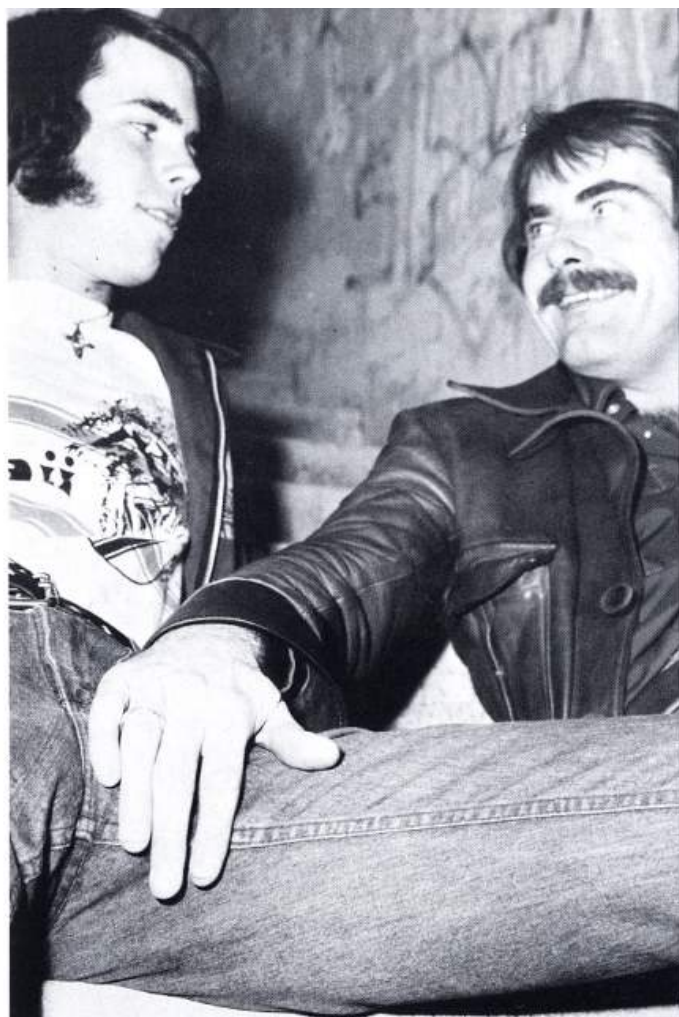
"You dig the animals?" Tony asked. He watched as the man slowly turned to face him, still leaning against the fencing. He was happily surprised to see that the man was indeed a choice specimen, not unlike the majestic beast on the other side of the wire mesh. The young man smiled and stared into Tony's face.

"Sure some of them," he replied. "Not all of 'em, but some of them! Why?"









"You've been watching that bear for almost an hour. I was just wondering what you found so fascinating about it!" Tony smiled secretly.

"That means that you've been watching me all that time, too," the man remarked. Tony realized that he had been trapped by his own words. He laughed lightly and let his gaze drop to the ground.

"Caught!" he muttered. "You're right, though I have been watching you. My name's Tony. What's yours?" He overcame his momentary embarrassment and let his eyes seek the other man's.

"Burt," the man replied. Their eyes held each other for a long moment.

"You come here often? To the zoo?" Tony asked curiously.

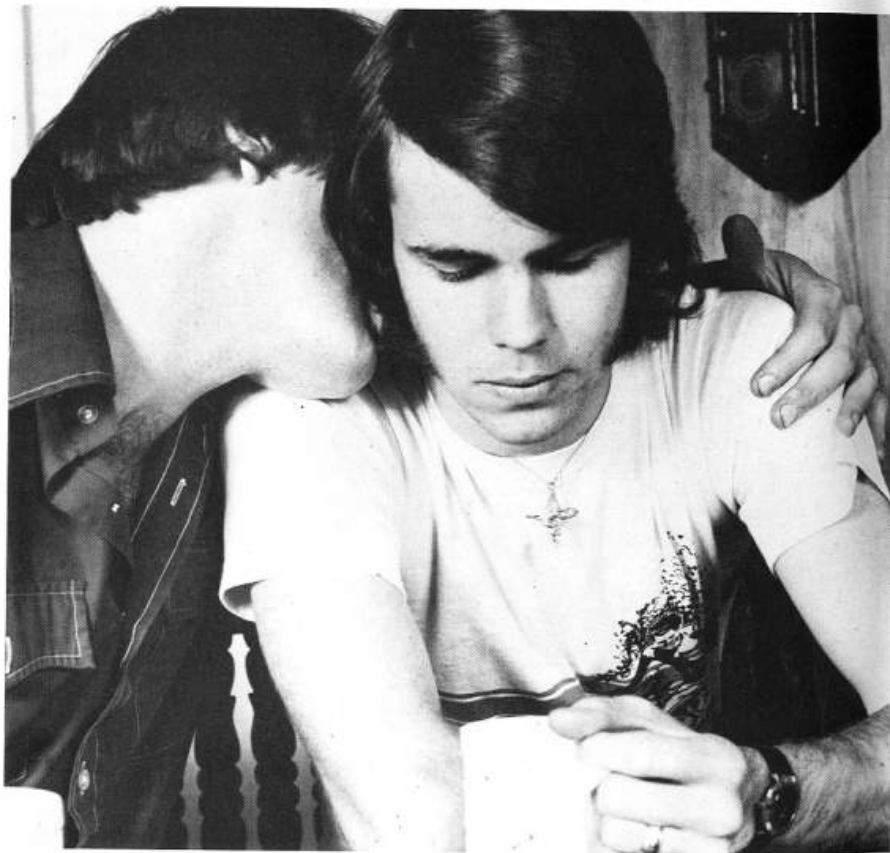
"Yeah," Burt replied, "I don't live very far from here—just a short walk—and like you've discovered, I dig the animals. What about you, Tony?"

"I don't get here very often, and when I do come, it's not necessarily to look at the beasties! I guess maybe you'd call me a people watcher."

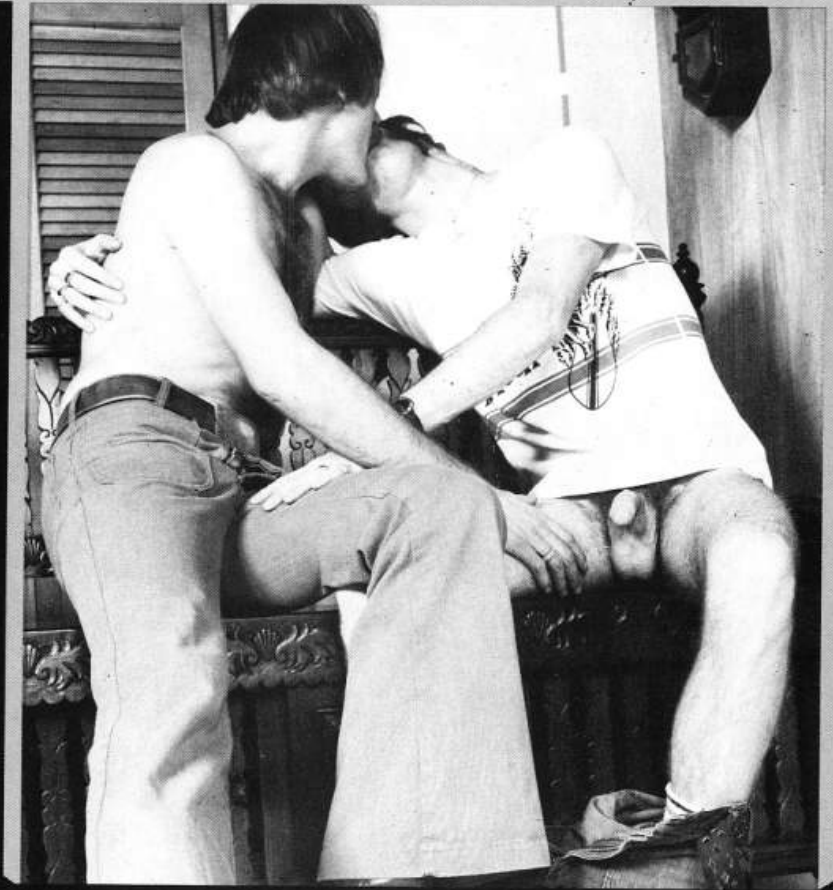
"Animals don't turn you on?" Burt asked. "Just people?"

"Certain animals, I guess," Tony replied. "Stallions, maybe. Anything at stud." Tony could feel the blood rushing to his face and he knew that this man was deliberately getting him to say these things.

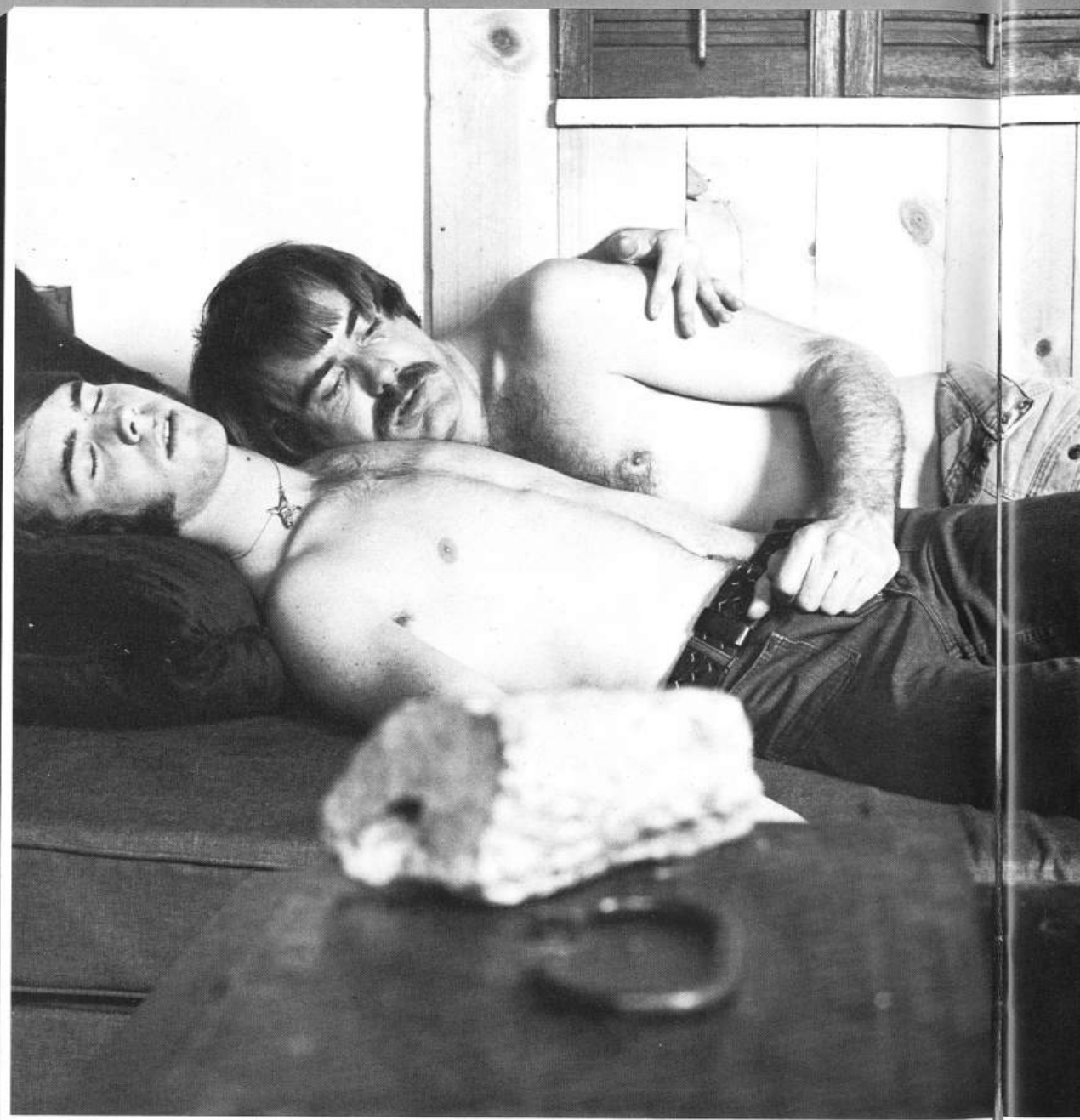
"You know," Burt said softly, "that this is a pretty wild spot—right here where we're standing, don't you?" Tony shook his head.

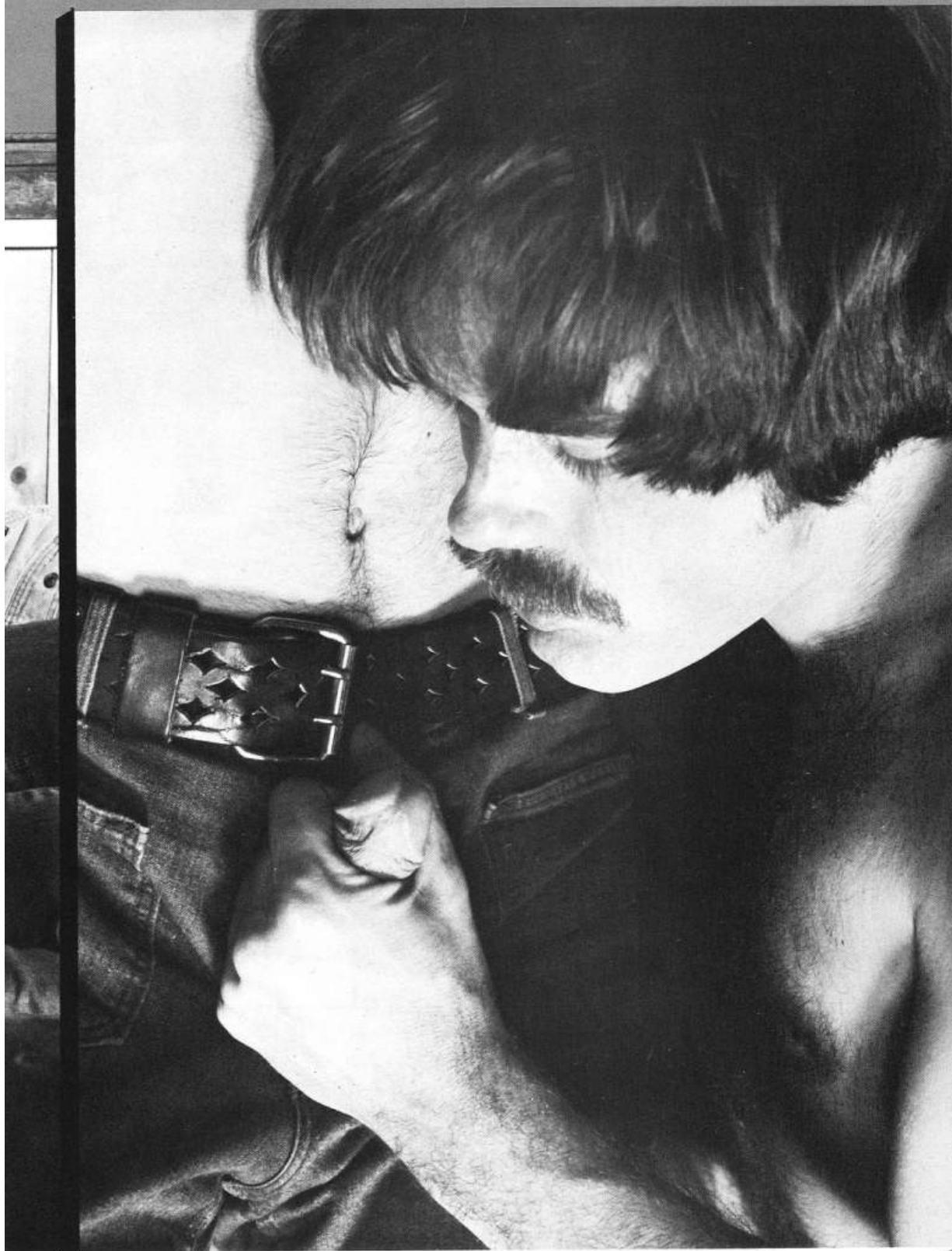
















"This, my friend, is what's known as a pick-up spot. A place where guys pick up other guys."

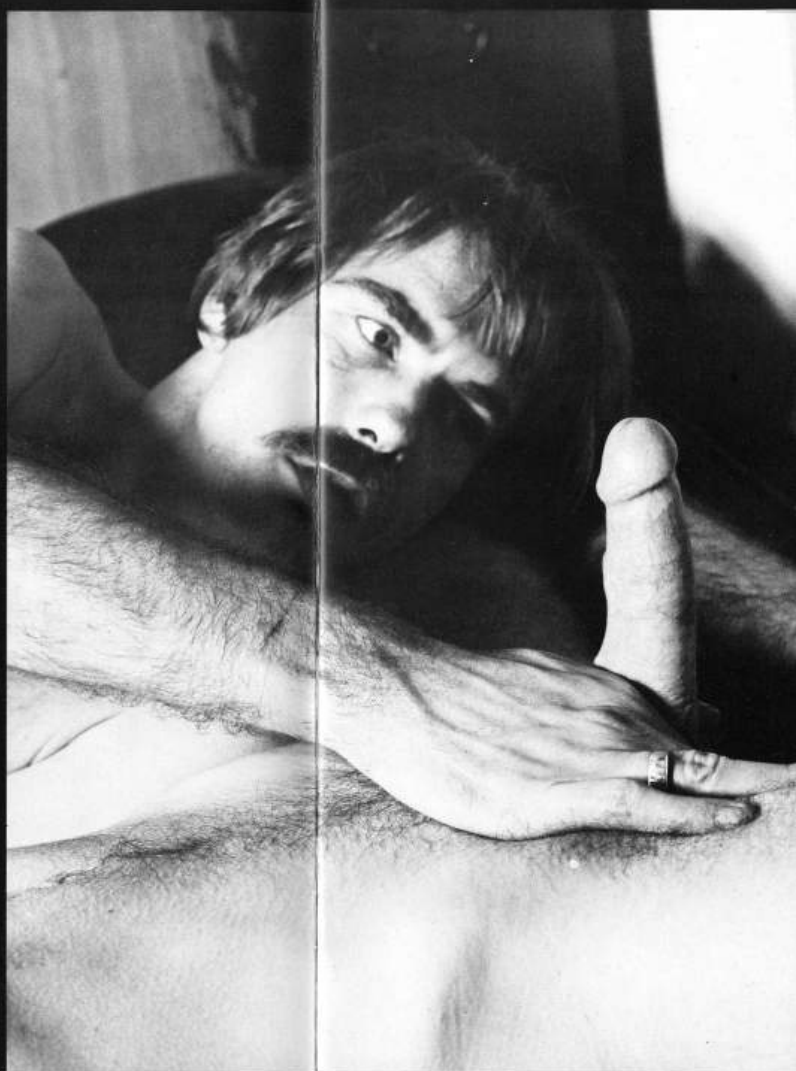
"Okay, Burt! That's really getting it right out in the open without wasting any time. So you had me pegged, huh? How?"

Burt shrugged his broad shoulders. "Nothing in particular," he said, "just something about you. You evidently sensed something in me, too, or you wouldn't have approached me. Right?" Burt lit a cigarette and offered Tony the pack.

"What I sensed was pure animal, friend," Tony answered. "There's something sensual about a stud like you watching that killer in there for such a long time. A definite similarity—call it animal instinct. You looked like you were just about ready to paw the ground! Really!"

Burt laughed. "I guess that just about sums me up all right. Stud







on the make." He glanced quickly about the area and saw that they were standing alone. Without a word, he reached over and groped at Tony's crotch. The startled youth looked at him, his brow wrinkling.

"Well?" he asked. "You like what you feel?" Burt nodded and moved just a bit closer so that Tony could feel his bulging crotch. "You really are a stud! I'd sure like to get a good look at you raw, Burt. I'll bet you're one hairy guy—you're just the type." He looked at Burt. "Incidentally, I'm one of those guys who flips out over a mustache, too."

"You serious about wanting to see me naked?" Burt asked. Tony nodded. "It'd only take us about five minutes to walk over to my place. What d'ya say?"



"I say let's not waste any time, my friend. Lead on!" Tony followed his new friend out of the park and down the expanse of stairs leading to the small collection of homes. "Wait a minute," Tony said. He sat down on the steps to catch his breath, at the same time glancing at the concrete walls. They were just about completely

covered with every dirty and erotic saying the mind could invent. "Now there's a turn on!" Tony remarked.

"Kids," Burt explained. "Kids and spray paint cans! They'd fuck up the whole world! Rested?" he asked. "It's only another block." They walked silently, then climbed the stairs leading to Burt's

hillside home. "This is it!"

"Hey! This is nice!" Tony exclaimed, looking around at the masculine interior. "You own all this stuff?"

"Yep!" Burt replied proudly. "I stayed on in Germany after I was discharged—that's where I picked up a lot of my furniture—had it shipped back to the States







and I've been here ever since. House used to belong to my folks, but they're both dead and gone!"

Tony followed him through a pair of swinging doors into a beautifully paneled bar. "Like this?" Burt asked. He pointed to a handsome bench up against one wall.

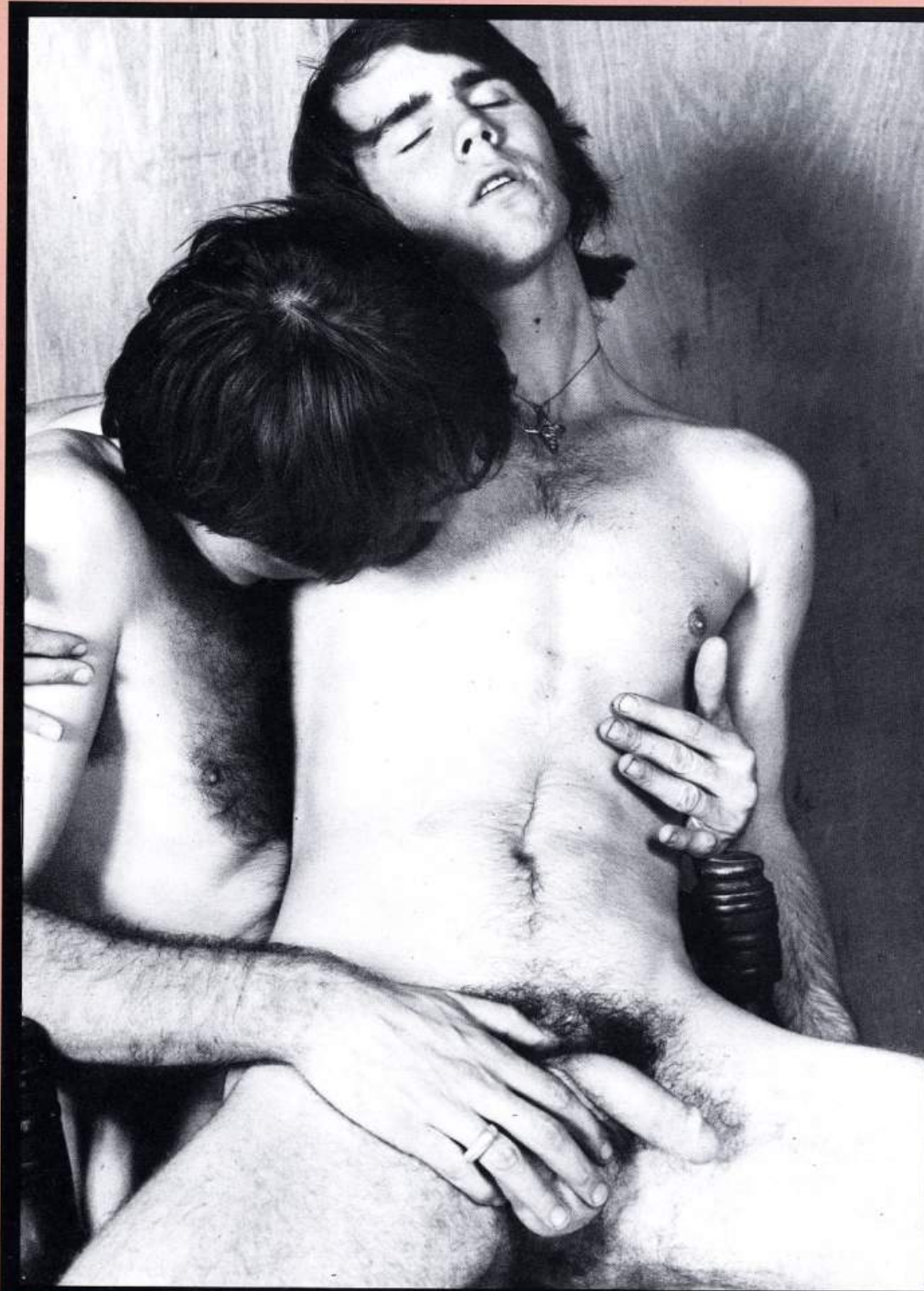
"And how!" Tony blurted. "Man, you've got it made! You live here alone?"

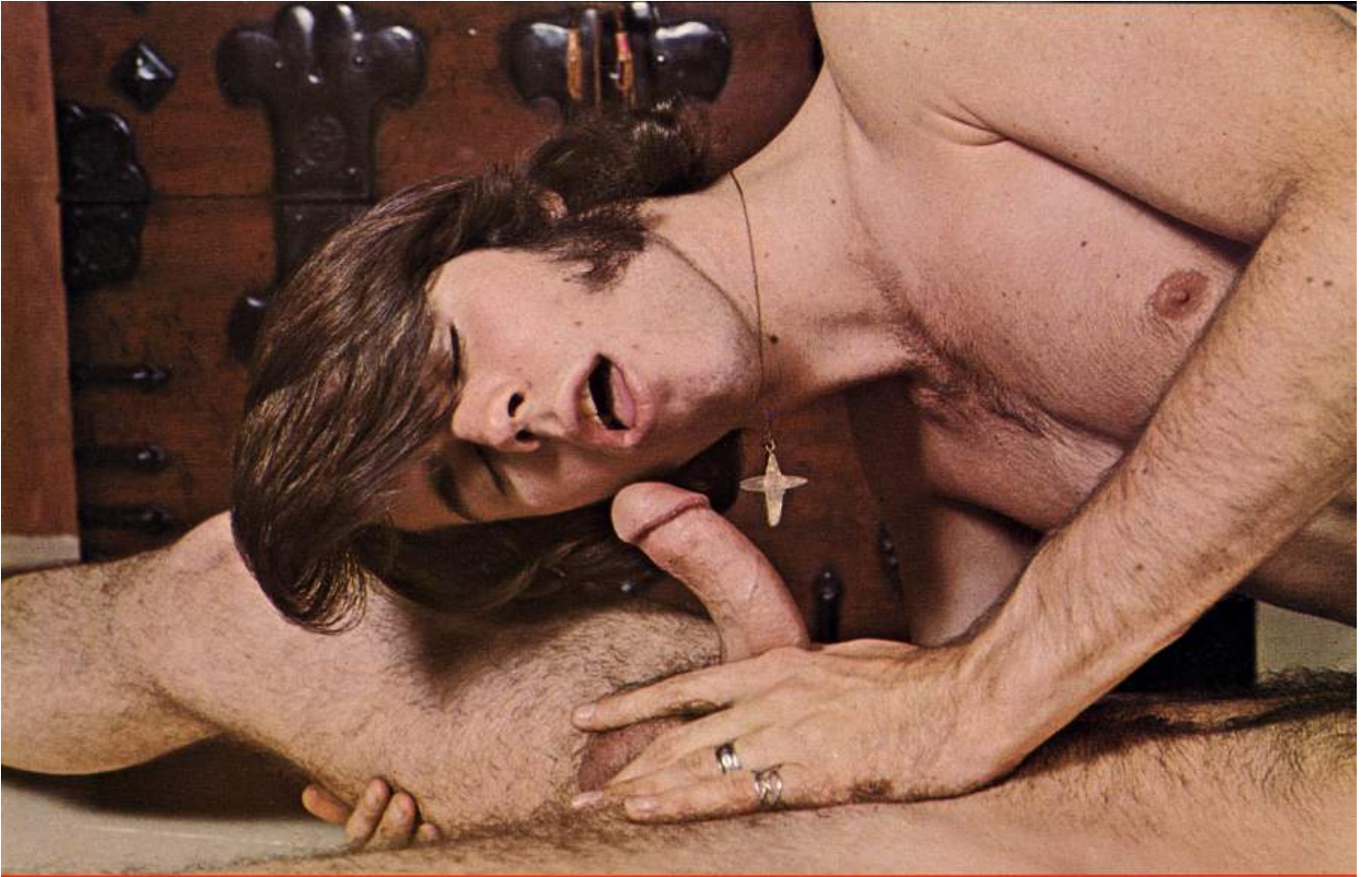
"Right," Burt replied, "not that I intend on keeping it that way. I've had a couple of guys share the place with me, but nothing's seemed to work out the way I had it planned. Who knows? Maybe you'll change my luck!"

Tony grinned. "Wine!" he exclaimed, checking the well stocked shelves.

"Want a mug?" Burt asked "I don't go for sissy wine glasses, but I'll pour you a mug full if you like!" Tony nodded and Burt filled the German mugs. "Here's











to it," Burt said, raising his drink in a toast to Tony. They drank slowly. Burt slipped off his bar stool and walked over to the carved bench. "My feet are killing me," he said, removing his boots.

Tony joined him. "What about the promise?" he asked. "Seeing you in the nude?"

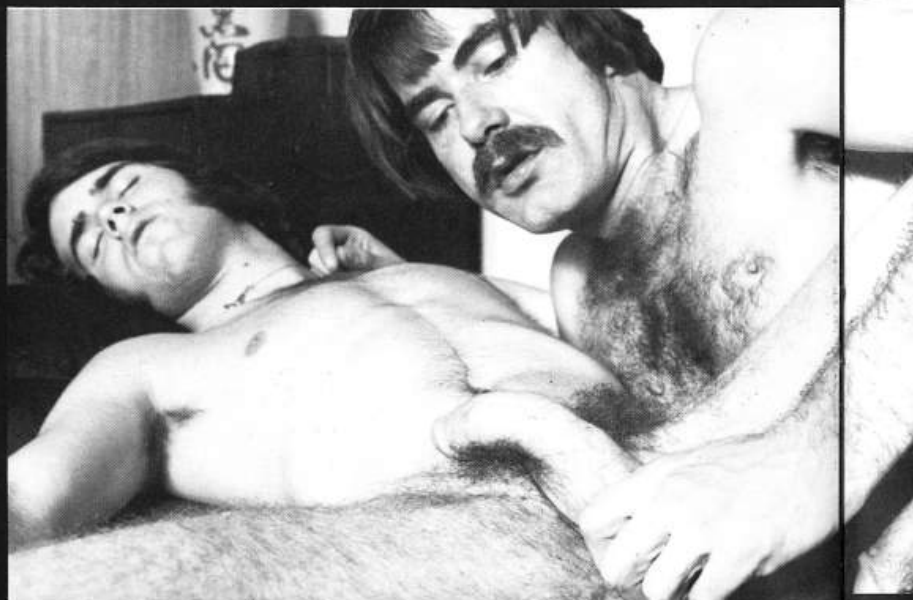
"I'll do you one better, man," Burt said. He pulled his shirt off and Tony stared at the broad, hairy chest. "You like so far?" he asked huskily.

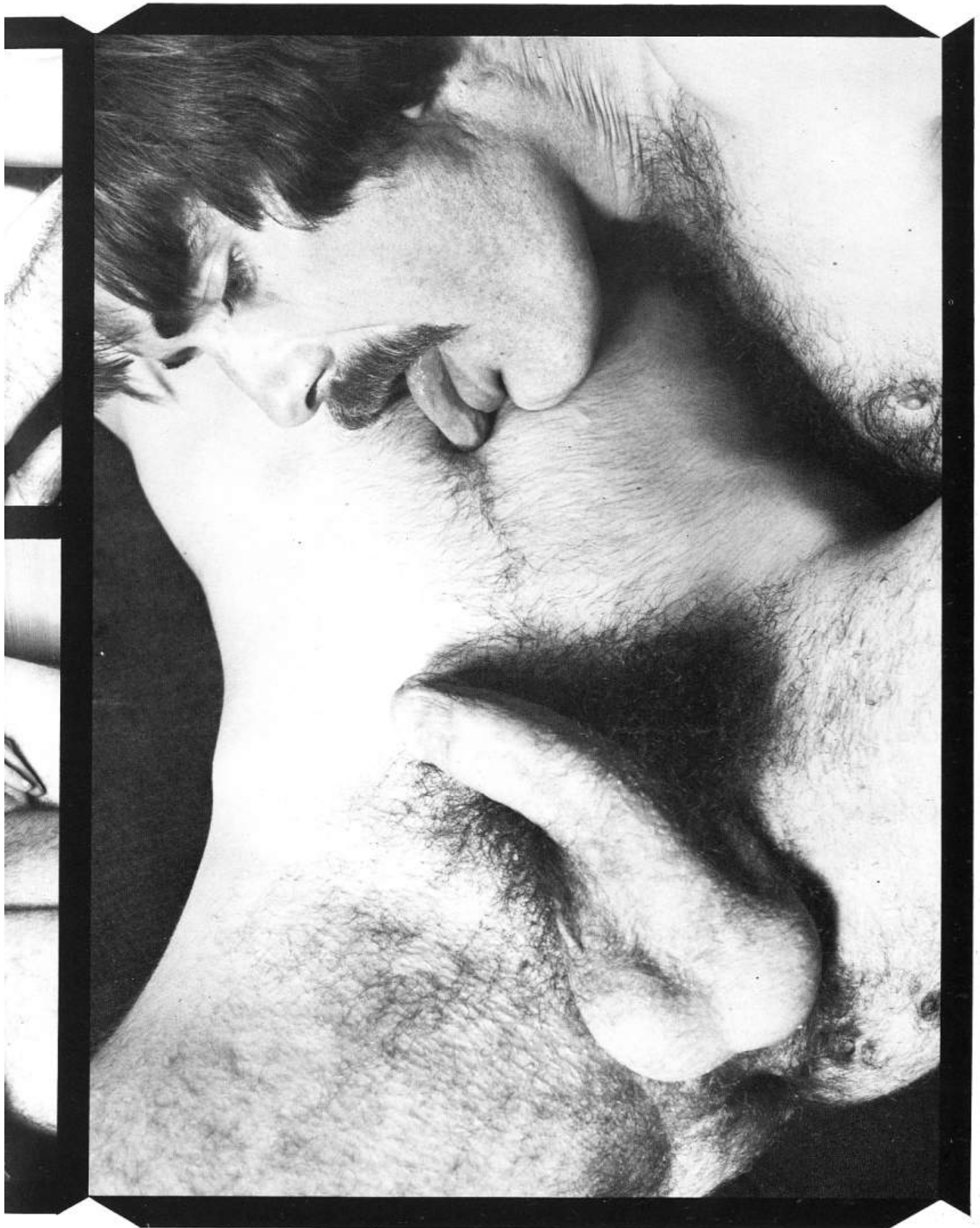




"You bet," Tony whispered. Burt sat down beside him and fumbled at Tony's fly. Before Tony knew exactly what was happening, Burt had his pants off and was stroking his prick. "Hold it, Speed," Tony said. "It doesn't take much of that to get a load outa me!" He reached down and pulled his pants up around his waist.

"How come?" Burt asked. "Something wrong?" He was palming his bulging crotch, ironing the fabric out with his hand.





"I'd feel better over there on the couch," Tony said softly. Burt took the cue and practically dragged Tony over to the sofa. They stretched out—Burt fumbling to get his hand inside Tony's fly. He pulled the stiff hunk of meat out and began slowly jacking the youth off.

"You talk about a stud, buddy," Burt said softly. "That's some piece of meat you lug around. Jesus Christ! Like a spear!" He sucked the huge, rosy head into his mouth, letting his tongue wash its way around the flared corona. "Yeah, that's what I call a cock!" he whispered.

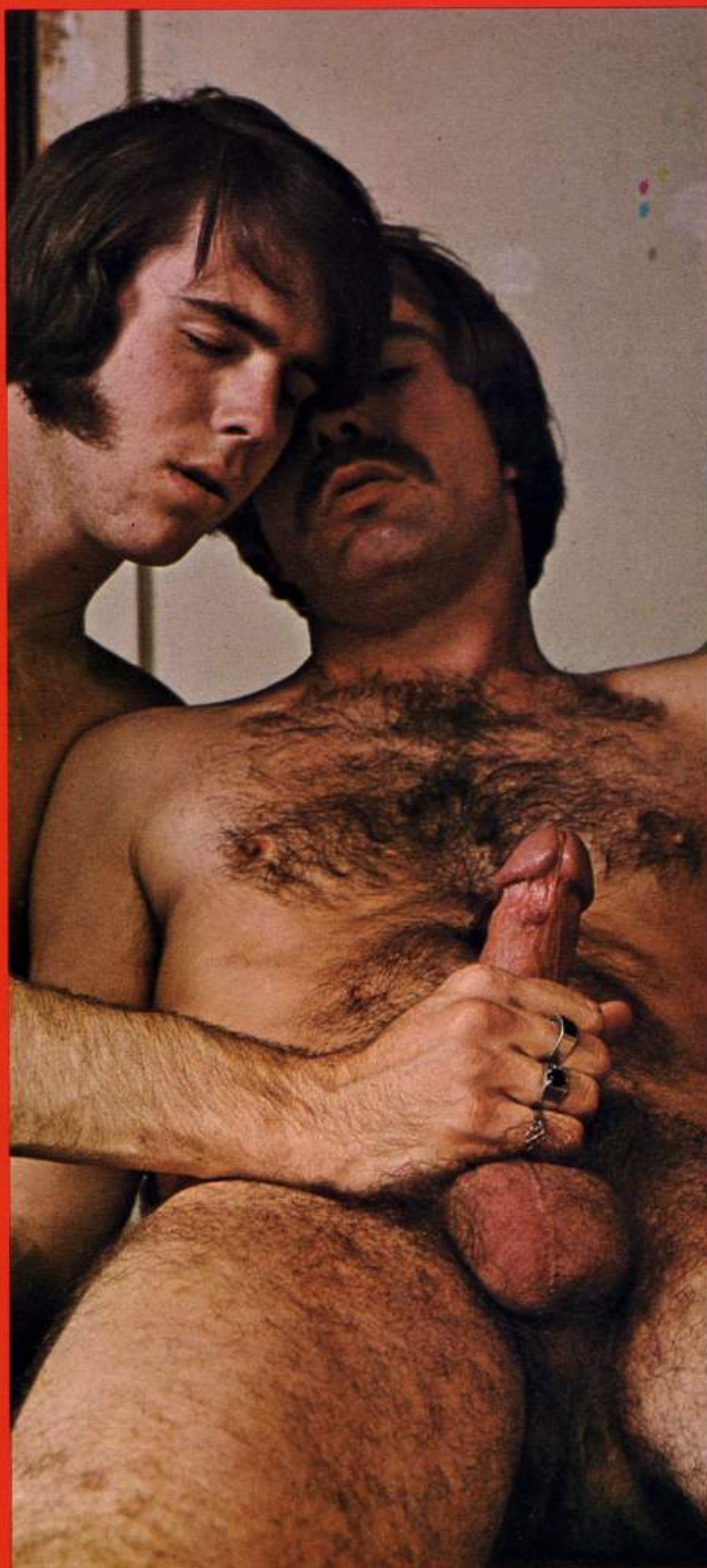
Tony pulled his pants off and threw them to the floor. "How about the pants?" he asked, looking at Burt's beautiful body. Burt grinned and removed his trousers, then cuddled nakedly against Tony's back. Tony could feel his cock stabbing at his butt, the crisp hairs on Burt's skin sett setting him on fire.

"You dig sucking cock?" Tony asked curiously. Burt nodded and stuck his tongue into Tony's navel. "I didn't figure you that way. I guess I sorta had you pictured just fucking somebody in the ass!"

"Trade?" Burt asked, looking up into his blazing eyes. "No way! I dig getting a sweet prick down my throat and you've got one hell of a sweet one! And you're right about doin' the fucking! I'm gonna get you so fucking hot you're gonna beg me to shove it to you!"

"That's not gonna be hard to do!" Tony said happily. He flipped himself over and slid down between Burt's legs. Without a word, he began sucking on Burt's enormous rod—playing with his fingertips through the stallion's body hair.

"Tony!" Burt whimpered. "Don't make me! Not yet!" He reached down and forcefully





pulled the sucking youth away from his throbbing cock. He raised Tony up to his barrel-like chest and held him tightly. "God!" he said softly. "Something just clicked!-I've got this great feeling that everything's gonna be right between us!" He kissed him passionately. Tony's achingly erect prick stabbed recklessly against Burt's gut.

Tony broke free and stretched out on his back. Burt reached across the youthful body and gripped Tony's tremendously long hose. Tony instinctively did the same to Burt and they slowly jacked at each other.

"Kid stuff," Burt whispered. He rolled over and turned Tony onto his side. "How about letting me





get a little feel down there?" he asked, pushing his rock-hard cock up against Tony's convulsing asshole. "Okay? Just a little?"

Tony answered him by bucking backward with his body, literally forcing Burt's huge cockhead to enter him. He moaned ecstatically as his sphincter clamped around the invading muscle. "Yeah, Burt! Fuck the shit outa me!" he moaned. "You really are some stallion! Horsecock and all!"

Burt pulled his prick out suddenly. His breathing was irregular and Tony could see that his eyes were glazed. Tony frowned, but watched as Burt straddled him and began to slowly lower himself on top of his jutting erection.





"Stick it up my ass, Tony," Burt growled. "I've gotta feel what it's like to be poked by that son of a bitch!"

"You ever been fucked before?" Tony asked. Burt shook his head. "It's gonna hurt like hell, man," the youth stated. "I don't think you can take it!"

A cry escaped Burt's open mouth as he felt the enormous head enter him. "Hold it! Wait!" he whimpered. Tony remained motionless. Burt tried desperately to relax. Slowly he sank lower until Tony was completely inside him. He was gasping for breath as he looked down into Tony's face. "So that's what it's like!" he muttered. "What a feeling!" He raised himself up to a kneeling stance, Tony's throbbing cock popping free from his asshole.

"Man," Tony exclaimed, "I don't know how much more of this I can take! My nuts are just about to blow! No shit!"

Burt didn't respond. He maneuvered himself into a sixty-nine position and let his mouth drop over Tony's piston. He made no pretext about wiping the rod off, simply took it inside and began to suck greedily. Tony took the mighty pole eagerly and let the shaft slide all the way down his throat. For several minutes, they continued sucking on each other until Tony felt as though he couldn't hold back any longer. Using all his strength, he pushed Burt's powerful frame off him and rolled him onto his back.

"What's up?" Burt asked heavily.

"I still want you to fuck me," Tony responded. He sprawled on the sofa, his legs parted, his erect pole standing hard toward the ceiling. Burt dropped down, eager to bring the youth to a climax. He stared disbelieving at the size of the young man's cock, then went to work on it with all his energy.

"Burt! I'm coming!" Tony exclaimed. "I'm coming! I can't hold it back!" He shot forth with a tremendous load. Burt swallowed hungrily as Tony unloaded his nuts into his mouth. "Drink me, stud!" he exclaimed, the bubbling sap spewing out of control into the man's throat. "Oh Jesus!" Burt continued sucking him until he feared that his balls were going to come out of the head of his dick. "Take it easy! Give me a chance to recover!" he moaned.

Burt pulled his mouth away and stood up. "Come on in the bedroom," he said. He led the way to the white carpeted room and knelt down on the floor. "Please," he begged. Tony leaned against the chest of drawers and Burt sucked the still erect prick back into his mouth.

Tony knelt on all fours as Burt's mouth closed over his quaking asshole. He sat on the top of the chest, Burt's face buried between his thighs as he sucked harder and harder. "Burt! For God's sake!" he begged. "Please fuck me! Let my nuts rest a minute!"

Burt mounted the young body on the large hassock. His rampaging cock ground its way inside the tight sheath. His strokes were cruel and very animalistic. "You like this?" he growled.

"Oh, God! God!" Tony whimpered as the stallion drove his prick in to the hilt. His hip bones were crashing up against Tony's ass, the mighty balls slamming into the terrorized flesh. "Burt! You son of a bitch! Fuck me! All the way! Harder!" Tony was meeting every thrust with his own drive, his legs

wrapped so tightly around Burt that Burt could scarcely breathe. "More! Burt! Burt!"

"Now!" the stud shouted. "Now!" Tony felt the mighty surging of the powerful muscle. The head of it seemed to explode deep inside him. He was suddenly aware of the hot, liquidy sensation as Burt's come bubbled out inside him. "I'm coming! Now! Burt cried. "You fucker! Take it! Take it! He was shoving furiously as he drove his cock home. Tony's head fell back off the huge cushion and he felt a blackness race toward his brain. Without pulling back an inch with the plunged piston, Burt rolled Tony over and finished him off in a standing position. "Oh Christ!" Burt mumbled. "What an ass! What a wild, sweet motherfucking piece of ass you are!"





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They fell in each other's arms and rested on the thick carpet. "In all my life, I've never had a better fuck, Tony! You're the end!"

"You're really an animal, you know that, Burt?" Tony asked. "A big, hairy brute!"

"And you're a beautiful, untamed god!" Burt replied. "Beauty and the beast! That's you and me!" Burt rolled over on top of Tony's stomach, arched back and looked into the sparkling blue eyes. "Something tells me that everything's gonna be all right between us, Tony! Everything's gonna be all right!" He lowered his face and let his mouth fall on Tony's lips.







COME TO THE STABLE



"Fuck! It sure as hell is slow today," Seth Woodward exclaimed to Royce Kelly. "What's wrong—is Mister Paul losing business?"

"I wouldn't know," Royce replied. "I've been keeping up *my* quota."

Mister Paul was an infamous male madam based in West Hollywood, and Seth and Royce were two of the studs in his stable. Royce Kelly was a handsome, masculine blond with a sensational prick and Seth was a newcomer with a nice face, a slim body and an average dick. Royce was extremely popular and completely sexual—ready to take anyone on who had the price. Pleasing his partner of the afternoon or the night never occurred to him consciously, but with his love of sex, his buyers were always ready for repeats.

Seth hadn't attained any degree of popularity as yet, and time weighed heavily on his hands. Most of Mister Paul's studs were requested by name. He usually hung around the large house completely naked, but today he was wearing a pair of tight, white pants. He had stopped at Royce's open door while Royce changed his clothes. Royce only had a shirt on and Seth drank in his lower body nudity greedily. Christ! He would be popular, too, if he had a beautiful cock like Royce's.

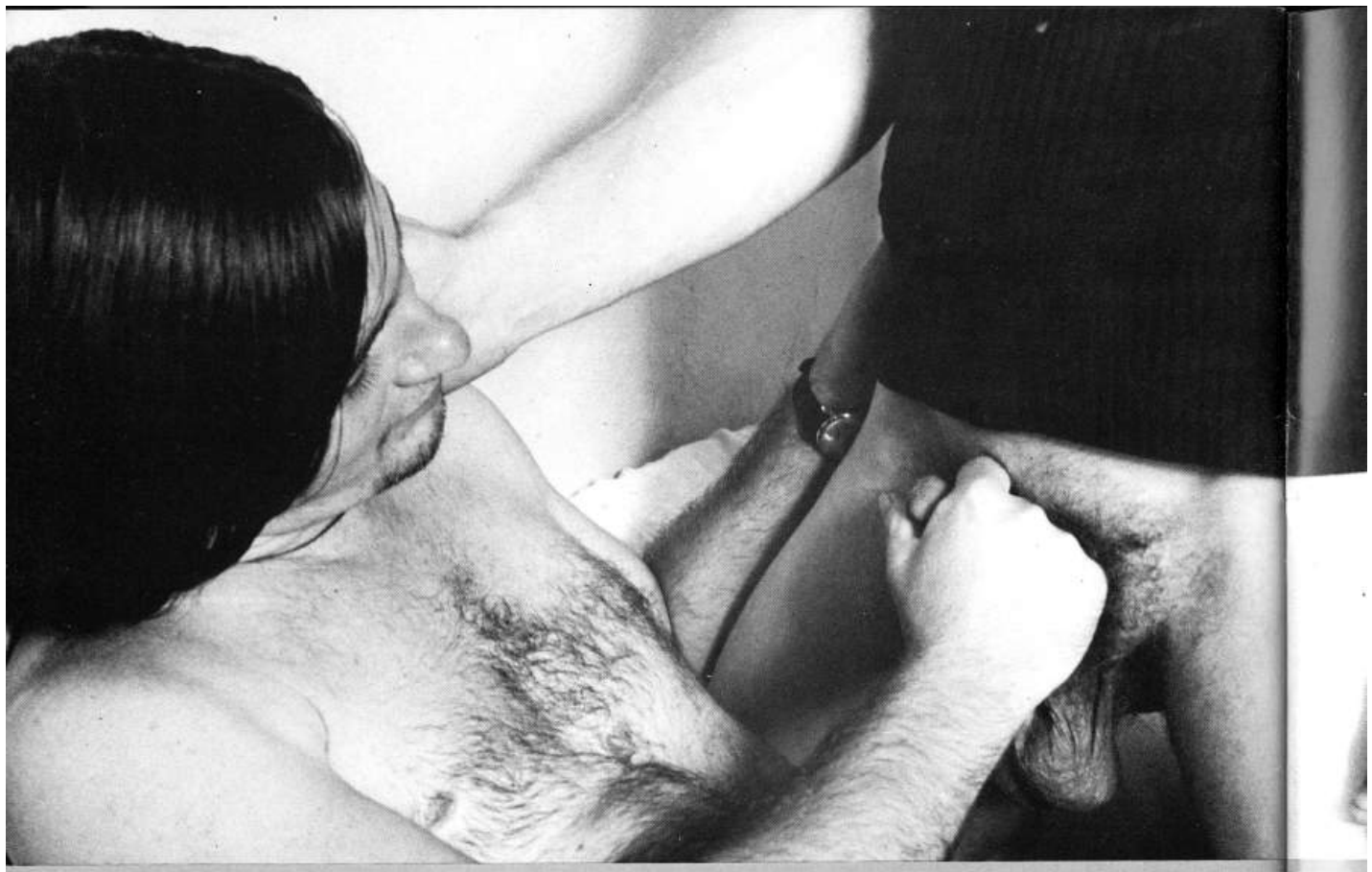
"Are you getting ready to go out on another date, Royce?" he asked.

Royce turned around and gave Seth the benefit of seeing his gorgeous whang full front. "No—I'm free for about four hours. Why?"

"Just wondered. I don't see as much of you as the other studs. I guess you're booked up most of the time, huh?"

"Yeah, I've got a pretty solid clientele," Royce said without boasting.

"I was just wondering what I do to displease the customers. Wish I could learn a few tricks from someone who knows."







"Are you angling for some lessons?" Royce asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Truthfully, yes. And I can't think of anyone I'd rather learn from!" Seth replied.

"Well—in the first place, never ask them what they want to do. Start out by kissing them if they want—you can always tell—and rub their dicks. When you get them hard, they'll let you know which direction to go. Come on—take off your pants and we'll continue."

Seth already had a boner by the time he got his pants over his feet and Royce remarked, "I don't think you want lessons. You're just hot!"

"All right! I admit that you give me a hard-on every time I see you, but I *am* serious about the lessons."

"Oh fuck, I don't mind. I've got a hard-on myself now. Want to make it for real?"

"Sure. That's the only way to learn—by doing!"

"Okay, let's start out by you sucking me. I'll check your technique."



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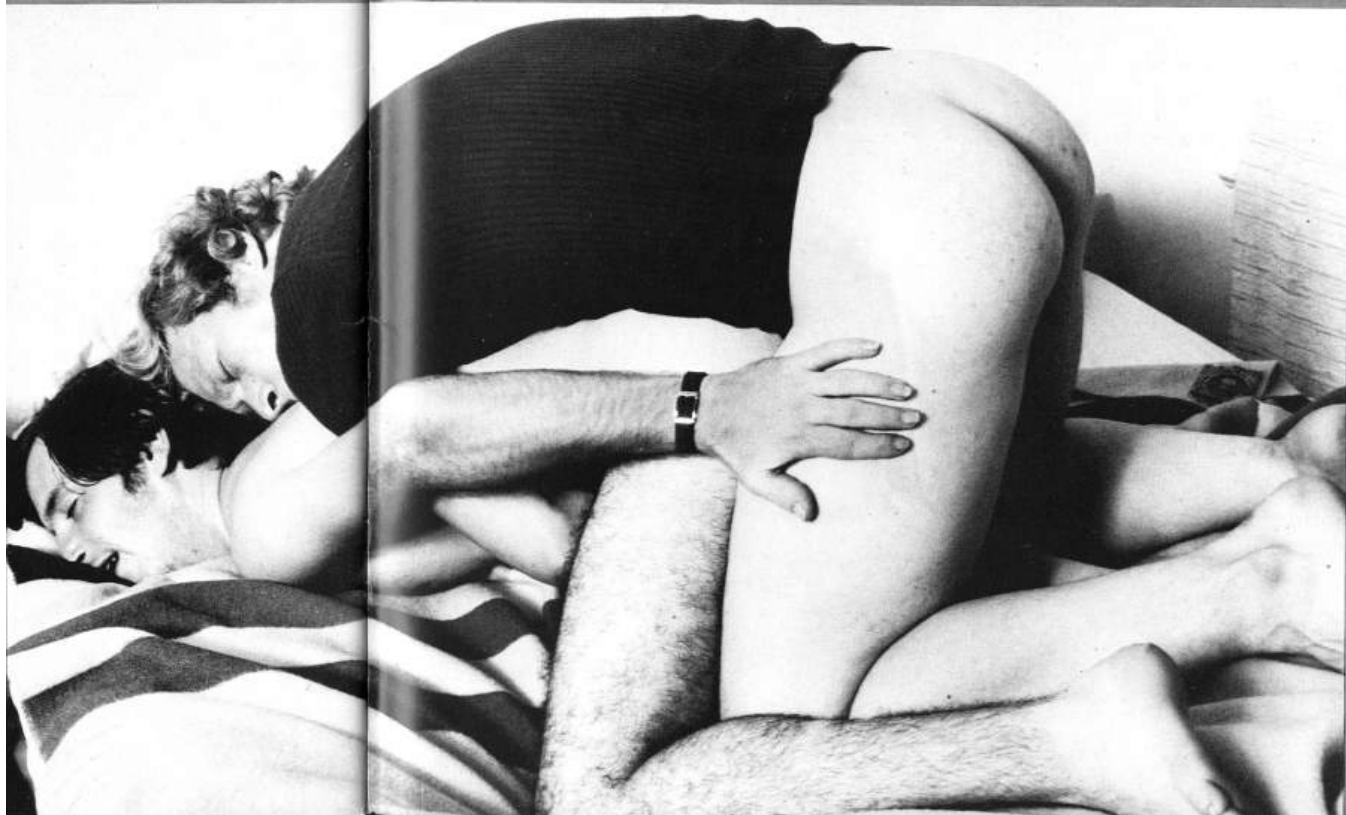
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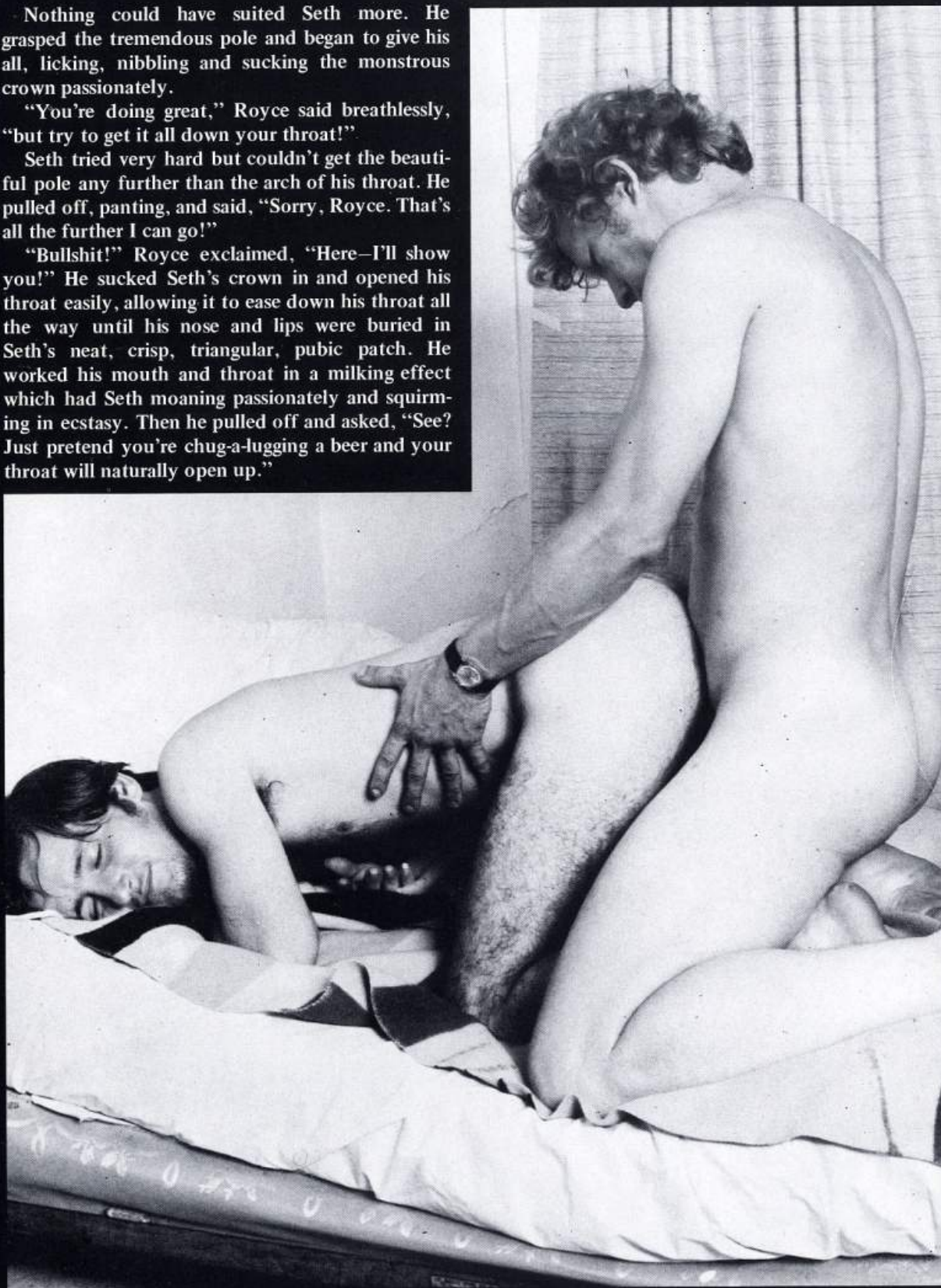


Nothing could have suited Seth more. He grasped the tremendous pole and began to give his all, licking, nibbling and sucking the monstrous crown passionately.

"You're doing great," Royce said breathlessly, "but try to get it all down your throat!"

Seth tried very hard but couldn't get the beautiful pole any further than the arch of his throat. He pulled off, panting, and said, "Sorry, Royce. That's all the further I can go!"

"Bullshit!" Royce exclaimed, "Here—I'll show you!" He sucked Seth's crown in and opened his throat easily, allowing it to ease down his throat all the way until his nose and lips were buried in Seth's neat, crisp, triangular, pubic patch. He worked his mouth and throat in a milking effect which had Seth moaning passionately and squirming in ecstasy. Then he pulled off and asked, "See? Just pretend you're chug-a-lugging a beer and your throat will naturally open up."





"That was the greatest!" Seth gasped. "I almost came! What's next?"

"Next, I fuck you—and I'll do it with spit. Sometimes, that's the way guys like to do it—reminds them of the barn down on the farm." He chuckled cruelly, then said, "On your back, Seth. And put your knees up to your chest." Seth willingly followed instructions, and while Royce greased his prick with saliva, Seth did the same thing to his asshole. This type of sex was Royce's favorite and after three or four times of sounding bottom, he came by the steaming gallons! The warm gushing in his bowels made Seth spurt his load between their stomachs and he whispered, "Goddamn! That's the greatest!"

Royce finally pulled out and he said, suddenly businesslike, "And that's twenty-five you owe me!"

"You son of a bitch!" Seth roared, pretending to be angry, but in his mind he said, Gladly! And I'm going to quit this fucking job and become one of your steady customers!





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